

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

GENERAL McPHERSON'S DEATH.

The True Story Told by the Officer Who Gave the Command to Fire.



J. R. Palmer, publishes in the "National Tribune," a letter received by him from Capt. Richard Beard, containing an authentic account of the killing of Gen. James B. McPherson, July 22, 1864, and which account Mr. Palmer vouches for as the only true record of that event. The letter reads as follows:

"For a day or two previous to the battle (July 22, 1864) I had been in command of a brigade line of skirmishers, and early on the morning of the 23d of July was ordered to join my regiment and division, which were moving out from Atlanta on the Decatur road, in order to strike the left flank of Sherman's army, under command of Gen. McPherson, which stretched across the Augusta Railroad.

"While halting upon the road we were furnished with 60 additional rounds of ammunition, and were told that there was a hard day's work before us. "We were placed in line of battle about 12 or 1 o'clock in the day, and the last orders given by General Pat Cleburne to us were to move forward, turning neither to the right nor to the left, until we were within the enemy's breastworks. Shortly afterward a heavy and rapid cannonading commenced, from what we supposed to be Gen. Bate's Division, which announced clearly that the ball was about to open in good earnest.

"Under the excitement aroused by it, we commenced a double-quick through a forest covered by a dense underbrush. Here we ran through a line of skirmishers, and took them without the firing of a gun, and suddenly came to the edge of a little wagon-road running parallel with our line of march, and down which Gen. McPherson came thundering at the head of his staff. He had evidently just left the last conference he ever had with Gen. Sherman, near the Howard house, and was on his way to see what the rapid and sudden firing on his left meant. He came upon us suddenly, and was surprised to find himself face to face with the rebel line. My own company, and possibly others of the regiment, had reached the verge of the road, when he discovered, for the first time, that he was within a few feet of where we stood. I was so near him as to see every feature of his face. I was satisfied he was a General Officer, and nothing less than a Corps Commander. I threw up my sword as a signal to him to surrender. He checked his horse slightly, raised his hat as politely as though saluting a lady, wheeled his horse's head directly to the right, and dashed off to the rear in a full gallop.

"Young Corp'l Coleman, who was standing near me, was ordered to fire upon him. He did so, and it was his ball that brought Gen. McPherson down. He was shot passing under the thick branches of a tree, and as he was bending over his horse's neck, either to avoid coming in contact with the limbs or probably to escape the death-dealing bullets of the enemy that he knew were sure to follow him, he was shot in the back, and, as Gen. Sherman says in his Memoirs, "the ball ranged upward across the body, and passed near the heart."

"A number of shots were also fired into his retreating staff. I ran up immediately to where the dead General lay, just as he had fallen, upon his knees and face. I was among the first if not the first who reached him. "A number of Federal writers have said that he was not killed instantly. But at the time I saw him there was not a quiver of his body to be seen—not a sign of life perceptible. The fatal bullet had done its work well, and to every appearance he was dead. Even as he lay there, dressed in his Major-General's uniform, with his face in the dust, he was as magnificent a looking specimen of manhood as I ever saw. Right by his side lay a man who, if at all hurt, was but slightly wounded, whose horse had been shot from under him. I noticed a spot of blood upon his cheek. From his appearance I took him to be the Adjutant or Inspector-General of the staff, but he afterward turned out to be a Signal officer.

"Pointing to the dead man, I asked: "Who is this lying here?" He answered, with tears in his eyes: "Sir, it is Gen. McPherson. You have killed the best man in our army." "This was the first intimation we had as to who the officer was—and to his rank. Gen. Sherman alleges in his book that Gen. McPherson's pocket-book and papers were found in the haversack of a prisoner afterward. "That may be so, but that prisoner did not belong to our party. Capt. W. A. Brown, of Mississippi, who was my messmate, and slept with me 11 months afterward on Johnson's Island, picked up his hat, which had caught in the branches of the trees under which he had fallen, and that was the only piece of McPherson's property that was disturbed by any of us. "From this point we pushed on, under the command of Maj. Richard

Pierson, to the enemy's line of defenses away to our front. Those we reached and took possession of, but only to find ourselves in a trap. Few in numbers, detached from the rest of the division, with the enemy in heavy force in front, his skirmishers slowly feeling their way toward us from the right, and spreading his coils away around to our rear, so as to retake the body of Gen. McPherson, we waited calmly for the inevitable. From over the line of defenses and from every loophole we kept up a fire on everything that was blue in sight. So few were we that we all knew what the consequences would be if a determined dash should be made on us by the enemy.

"In the meantime a young sergeant-major of the 15th Mich., who by some means had found out how small our numbers were, ran across from the enemy's line of works in our front and climbed up on top of our breastworks, and, waving his pistol over his head, shouted to us: "Boys if you want to surrender now is your only chance."

"In the excitement of the moment a dozen guns were leveled on him, but the authority of cooler heads prevailed, and we accepted, if not cheerfully, the changed situation. "I have often thought that this was the bravest act I saw during the war. As I got over the works I found the gun of a six-foot Michiganier at my head, against which I protested. I handed my sword to a Major of a regiment near by, and told him that as a prisoner of war I demanded his protection. He replied: "Yes, sir you shall have it. We like to capture such men."

"After our capture we had several conversations with Federal officers in regard to the killing of McPherson, and I had myself one with an officer of his staff, who told me the first intimation he had of his death was seeing his riderless horse come back. "The next day we started on our way to Northern prisons; the officers to Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, O.

"A short distance this side we passed through the little city of Clyde, the birthplace and home of Gen. McPherson. We noticed that the flag was at half-mast, and asked one of the crowd standing round the depot what it meant, and were told that they had just buried Gen. McPherson, whom the rebels had murdered, and the flag was at half-mast for him.

"The tragedy that I have just described was the last one that I ever took part in during the war, and it is as vividly pictured upon my mind as if it had all occurred yesterday. "The circumstances under which Gen. McPherson met his death were perfectly justifiable. "He had every opportunity on earth to surrender, and refused to do so, but preferred the chances of flight. Although he was considered as a host in himself against us, his untimely end was mourned even by the Confederate army, for he was universally esteemed as a soldier and a gentleman."

BLEW OPEN THE CAR.

Train Robbers Use Dynamite and Rob the Express Safes of About \$15,000.

A southbound passenger train was held up by robbers six miles east of Collins, Cal., Friday night. The robbers numbered three. They mounted the tender and informed the engineer that they would run the train for a few minutes, and covering him and the fireman with a revolver, compelled them to stop. They started in a very deliberate manner to secure the booty. The engineer jumped from his cab and ran into the darkness, but no attention was paid to him. Placing a stick of dynamite on the piston rod of the locomotive, and taking the fireman, who was nothing more than a boy, in front of them, they began marching back toward the express car, firing shots alongside the train to intimidate the passengers.

"When the express car was reached a stick of giant powder was placed on the sill of each door, and the explosion which followed wrecked the car generally, breaking three doors, blowing a hole in the roof, and scattering the contents in every direction. Messenger George Roberts was badly stunned and his right shoulder dislocated. As soon as Roberts could recover his faculties he struck his hands through the open door to announce that he was ready to give up. The robbers went into the car and compelled him to open the safe and took out three sacks of coin. Each carried one sack, and the fireman was made to walk back with them towards Collins for a quarter of a mile. It is thought that the sum taken will range from \$10,000 to \$15,000. One safe in the express car was not touched. Therefore the haul was not as large as it might have been. The robbers were not engaged in their work for more than 15 minutes. Only three were seen, although more may have been engaged in the work.

Forty-one Murdered.

Tom Graham was shot and killed at Phoenix, Ariz., by Ed. Tewksbury. The shooting was the result of a feud of five years' standing, during which twenty-seven men have been killed on Graham's side and fourteen on Tewksbury's. Graham was the last of four brothers, all killed, and Tewksbury the last of six. A posse of officers and citizens is in pursuit of Tewksbury, who will be lynched if caught.

The Homestead Strike Did It.

ASHLAND, Wis., Aug. 8.—All the mines under the control of the Wisconsin Central Railroad Company on the Gobeck range, save the Ashland mine, were thrown out of employment. The cause of the shut-down is indirectly attributed to the Homestead strike. No ore from any mine under the control of the Wisconsin Central Company will be shipped except from the Ashland mine until the Homestead matter is settled.

Eighteen Indians Drowned.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 8.—The steamer Phantom brings information that 18 Indians, three being women, all belonging to Wanuck cannery on the Rivers Inlet, were drowned June 28, their canoes being wrecked while out on hunting.

Michigan's New Apportionment.

LANSING, Mich., Aug. 8.—The legislature passed two bills, dividing the State into representative and senatorial districts. The apportionment is conceded by all parties to be as fair as could possibly be made. The special session adjourned on Monday.

THEY DECIDE TO HOLD OUT,

HOMESTEAD MEN STAND FIRM.

A Few More of the Old Hands Go Back and Supt. Potter Claims 1,500 Men at Work.

Two meetings were held Wednesday in Homestead, Pa., ostensibly for the purpose of explaining the exact conditions of affairs to the men and getting their views as to the continuance of the strike, but really for the purpose of bracing up the weak-kneed ones who were grumbling at the idleness and talking of going back to work. There were not many of these, it is true, but just at this time the men want to prevent even a single desertion, if they can, for every man who goes back to work weakens their ranks more than the brighter in of a dozen men with no previous experience in the steel works.

A mass meeting of all the locked out men was held in the Opera House. Before the opening all reporters, detectives and Deputy Sheriffs were ordered to leave the hall, which order was greeted with wild and continued cheering.

T. W. Brown, one of the men formerly employed in the mechanical department, was chosen chairman. He said the meeting was called to give the men an idea of the exact condition of affairs. In the mill and of the strike, and to permit them to make any suggestions they might have.

Speeches were then made by four expert steel workers, who said they had been in through the mill and had seen the men at work. They reported that very little progress was being made in the operation of the plant. The so-called skilled workers, said to be within the fence, they assured the men, were carpenters, stone masons, bricklayers, bakers and other tradesmen, and laborers who had never been inside a steel mill before they came to Homestead. They were not over a half dozen men at work there, they said, who had ever worked in such a mill before. They had seen them rolling two or three plates, and they were certain they could not satisfactorily perform the duties required of them.

President William Wehr, Secretary J. C. Kilmartin, Vice President William A. Carey and W. T. Roberts, Trustee John Pierce and Jere Doherty also made addresses. They entreated the men to stand firm, and assured them that they had the sympathy of the laboring men of America and Europe. Letters of sympathy were read from all parts of the United States and the British Isles. Speeches were also made in the Slavish tongue, and then the men were requested to state their views and offer any suggestions or resolutions they wished to present. No one had anything to offer, and the sentiment of the meeting was declared to be to continue the fight to victory, if it lasted a year or more. This was cheered loudly, and the meeting adjourned.

There were probably from 1,000 to 1,500 of the 3,500 locked-out men present, and if there was a man among them who wanted to go back to work he did not speak.

THE SITUATION IN THE MILL.

Superintendent Potter says 22 more of the 60 men went back to work Wednesday, making 49 in all who have returned in two days. He also said he had rejected applications from objectionable men. Nearly 300 new men, he said, had come in during the day, making about 1,200 now at work. The 33-inch mill was started last night, leaving only four departments idle. Double turn is being worked in some of the shops. A deputy sheriff on duty at the mill says a government inspector told him that he had inspected five armor plants made by new men all of which were passed.

MORE SOLDIERS ORDERED HOME.

The Sheridan troops at Homestead have received orders to break camp, and go home. The troops are glad that the long-continued order has come at last. Most of them are farmers, and when the order came to go they left their grain standing uncut, with no one to look after it. Many say that they will lose half their harvest, because they could not get to the fields to cut it.

The Fifth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth regiments and one platoon of Battery B, in all 1,300 men, will remain until the trouble is entirely settled and the mill is running full.

One platoon of Battery B has also been ordered home. A platoon of one gaiting gun and a 12-pounder will remain in camp at Homestead indefinitely. The order to go home made the men very happy. There is no dissatisfaction among the men who have to say, though of course, they cannot help but wish that they had been ordered home. Every week they stay here they lose many dollars. Many have already lost good positions and more will share a like fate. But they are loyal to the state, and will do their duty regardless of personal sacrifice.

THE GREAT SANGIER DISASTER

More Details Brought In By an Indian Steamer.

The steamer Empress of India, arrived at Victoria, B. C., bringing additional details of the disastrous volcanic eruption of Great Sangier Island. Without any warning signal, without any sign whatever of impending disturbance, the Gumong Aroo volcano blazed forth on June 7, and within twenty-four hours the whole of the prosperous surrounding country was devastated.

The loss of life is something frightful, but no accurate estimate of it can be made. Some place it as high as 10,000. The captain of the ship which took assistance to the sufferers says that 10,000 is not too high a figure as an estimate of the number of dead. A thousand bodies have been picked up on the shore and many were found floating in the sea.

To add to the horror of the situation earthquakes began June 9. Village after village was engulfed, hundreds of people dropping into the great cracks in the earth. The whole country is under a layer of mud, ashes and stones. All vegetation is either burned up by the awful heat of the volcano fires, or has been destroyed by the dense ashes and dust.

The suffering among those who escaped with their lives has been most acute. All the food on the island has been destroyed and but for the prompt assistance of the neighboring islands many would have starved. The whole of the island is a mass of smouldering ruins. The people who lived and prospered there have lost all they ever had, and now the only thing for the survivors to do is to leave for another and more favored spot, or stay there and die.

THE DAY COLUMBUS SAILED

The Four Hundredth Anniversary Properly Observed in Palos.

On Wednesday 400 years ago Columbus sailed from Palos, Spain, discovering America. The anniversary was observed in Palos by hoisting the American flag in front of the convent Larediba, which was greeted with salutes of cannon by the ships in the harbor. The Alcalde of Palos telegraphed the fact to Secretary of State Foster, who sent an appropriate reply.

THE REALM OF FASHION

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW THEY MAKE IT.

An Ornate Gown, a Costume More Elaborate Than the Usual Summer Dress.



SUMMER POETS and seaside correspondents have great difficulty this season in describing the dresses worn by the ultra-fashionables on account of the delicate colors—indefinite in tone and impossible in classification. One must be an expert to give names to what is called a "faded pinkish flesh tint," a "faded crushed raspberry," or to distinguish between silver, nickel or platinum drabs, greens and reds, too, defy definition, and one is only mystified to behold that a gown is an "indefinite moss green." You will find pictured in the initial cut one of those rather heavy ornate gowns which make the soft and fluffly habiliments of the summer girl look somewhat cheap and tawdry. The skirt is elaborately embroidered with jet; in fact, I notice a frequent use of jet trimming on summer gowns, both on light and heavy tissues. Even such thin material as grenadine is often trimmed with jet and ribbon, the jet ornaments being butterfly-like.



A TRAVELING DRESS.

As many make use of the summer months for traveling purposes, a word is in season about a very pretty traveling dress for a young person. You will find it shown in the picture. It consists of skirt, open jacket and blouse, the materials being lawn tulle, woolen, cream foundation striped with red and yellow, and Scotch plaid silk in which red predominates. The blouse is belted in with a band of gold galloon, and the collar is also covered with the galloon. The jacket hangs open and the skirt grazes the ground. Crepons are extremely modish for out-of-door costumes, races, rowing and sports of all day.

At a recent race meeting was seen a charming costume in lawn-colored crepon, yoke and cuffs of pink satin overlaid with guipure, with a black clip hat trimmed with black and pink. Blue serge is also seen at the races and out-door fetes, set off with bright colored shirts.

The bit of headgear shown in the illustration is in the line of capotes, only this is floral in character, being made up of a diadem of shaded gilliflowers. The strings and aigrettes must match one of these dominant shades.

Quite a novelty in the hat line is the tourist's hat, made up in straw open work or lace work, similar in shape to the popular tourist's hat in felt or cloth. The crown is medium tall and has the creased effect of the original, and the brim, while slightly



A FLORAL CAPOTE.

projecting in front, is curled up at the sides and very narrow at the back. Some are in black straw, meshed, the brim being bound with a strip of plain braid and the crown trimmed with a band of straw moss galloon, wound twice around and ending under a moss rosette, set off by three gilt feathers of the golden plectant. These hats are quite dressy enough for the promenade and go very well with any quiet costume. I need hardly add that our old friend, the sailor hat, is more a favorite than ever.

A charming seaside gown is shown in the picture. It is in two colors of serge—white, and any tone to suit the coloring of the wearer. The jacket and bias band encircling the skirt are of white serge, the skirt

being of the color. The garniture is a braid effect. The jacket has double fronts, the under reaching only to the waist and hooking in the middle; the upper fronts have no bars. In this costume white and mauve would go charmingly together. Mauve is very modish this season, or rather what they call mauve, which, however, is not always the pale shade of violet that rightly goes by that name.

Silk blouses closing in front with gilt buttons and made with turn-down collars exactly like the negligee shirts of the men, are worn by young girls who take pleasure in doing as their brothers do. With this blouse you wear a four-in-hand tie. In



A SEASIDE GOWN.

some cases this garment is made with an elastic so that the bouffant falls over the belt. If you wish to carry out the masculine conceit, you must wear over this blouse a long jacket decidedly man fashion. The jacket has no darts in front, and falls quite straight. Buttons, pockets and make-up are in strict conformity to masculine fashions. Such a costume looks very well in course green serge.

It is quite noteworthy to what an extent feathers are worn this season. True, in no wise to the exclusion of flowers, but the decree seems to exact that none but reasonable flowers shall be worn. Veils continue to be the subject of much thought. It is no longer permissible to wrap your face up in a bit of gauze. The mode of the moment calls for a very light and transparent veil and of the same color as the hat. The pins, too, used to hold veils in place must not be the cheap product of the variety store, but the work of your jeweler. A woman's toilet has been called a union of a thousand trifles. This may be so, but many of those trifles cost money nowadays, and the woman of fashion finds that her pin money goes literally for just what its name signifies.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has a gold mounted gun.

CYRUS W. FIELD'S life was insured for \$250,000.

FRANCE BISMARCK has an income of \$250,000 a year.

JUSTICE SHIRAS is the only member of the Supreme Court who wears whiskers.

REPRESENTATIVE CABLE, of Illinois, is declared to be the best camp cook in Congress.

CHAUNCEY G. SMITH, of Hartford, Conn., has been fifty years a deacon of the First Baptist Church in that city.

SUPERINTENDENT BYRNES, the head of the New York Police Department, has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday.

QUEEN VICTORIA is surrounded by a cordon of detectives as many as those about the person of his Czarship of Russia.

The present Lord Fairfax, who lives in Virginia, is a doctor and practices his profession in England; his title is fully acknowledged.

CRATCHEY M. DEPREW says that while on shipboard he sleeps upward of sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in every day of the voyage.

SECRETARY J. W. FOSTER is the only diplomat who has held three first-class missions. Grant sent him to Mexico, Hayes to Russia and Arthur to Spain.

PRINCESS MARY OF EDINBURGH, who by her marriage to Prince Ferdinand will become a future Queen of Rumania, is not quite seventeen years of age.

GOVERNOR PECK, of Wisconsin, was once a printer living on a back street. He now lives handsomely in the house in which Ole Bull, the famous violinist, once lived.

CAPTAIN FRED I. DEAN, of Washington, D. C., though not an old man in years, is said to be the oldest A. A. B. veteran living. He is one of its original four organizers.

BENNY M. STANLEY has become so angered by the allusions in the American newspapers to his late canvass for Parliament that he declares he will never set foot in the United States again.

CLAUDE H. FOLGER, of Massillon, Ohio, is claimed to be the oldest practicing attorney in the United States. He was born in Chester County, Penn., 1812, and began the practice of law thirty years thereafter.

EDWARD OLIVER WELCOTT, of Massachusetts, who served as a private in an Ohio regiment in 1864 and now represents Colorado in the United States Senate, has taken Oakview, ex-President Cleveland's old home.

RICHARD CROKER, who rose from a machinist's bench to be the head of Tammany Hall, was engineer of the first steam fire engine used in New York City. He afterward became foreman of Engine Company 28, a position of influence and importance in politics, and his election as Alderman a few years later, in 1867, gave him a start on the career he has since followed.

JOSEPH SENIOR, whose death occurred recently, was famous in England for the verses he wrote while toiling at his forge as a cutter in Sheffield. He published his poetry under the title of "Smithy Rhymes and Stubby Chimes," and the book had a large sale. At the age of sixty-five Mr. Senior was stricken with blindness and he thenceforth devoted himself entirely to verse-making.

Large Family.

Patsy Dooley was a very poor arithmetician, and was puzzled by a great many questions of numbers which did not enter other people's heads.

One day a new acquaintance remarked in his presence: "I have eight brothers." "Ye have eight brothers?" said Patsy. "Then I suppose every wan o them has eight brothers, too?" "Certainly."

"Arrab, thin," said Patsy, "how many mothers had the sixty-four o ye?"

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

DIED AT THE AGE OF 104.

WILLIAM REESE, OF BOLLIVAR, AND HIS WONDERFUL LEASE OF LIFE.

William Reese, aged 104 years, died at Bollivar, Westmoreland county. He was the patriarch of a family noted for its longevity, and a man beloved in the little town where he had made his home since his retirement about 20 years ago, at the age of 88, from active work. He sprang from a line of long-liveds. His grandfather, William Reese, lived to the age of 109; his father, William Reese, died at 104, while a sister saw 105 years. Mrs. Reese died in 1873 at the age of 77 years. The couple were the parents of 19 children—Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Abraham, Benjamin, Rachel, Leah, Rebecca, Mary and Elizabeth. Rachel and Benjamin are at the Bollivar home, Joseph, Leah, Rebecca and Mary are dead. Several of the sons served in the army during the rebellion. The other sons are known in Pittsburgh as enterprising business men.

A TROU OF FATALITIES.

A SNAKE BITE, A HORSE'S KICK AND A FALL OF SLATE CAUSE THEM.

John Clark, of Ferry township, Fayette county, was bitten on the foot by a copperhead snake in the cellar of his house and will die. J. D. West, a school teacher of Springhill township, same county, was fatally kicked in the head by a vicious horse, John Slavosky, a miner, was killed by a fall of slate at the Ridgeway mine. He was about 22 years of age and unmarried.

GEN. SNOWDEN'S STATEMENT.

Gen. Snowden is an old Franklin boy and the following is an exact copy of a letter sent by him to J. W. Kerr, of that city: Mr. J. W. Kerr,

DEAR SIR: AND COMRADE:—You are at entire liberty to say to my Franklin friends as has been said in Philadelphia that I knew nothing of Iams' swinge until after it was done, and I have a decided opinion in regard to it. When the matter was reported to me I ordered him discharged in disgrace. I drummed him out of camp and sent him home, and I am prepared to stand on my record in the case. I thank you and all my old comrades for the kindly interest and an very sorry I had caused any of you annoyance. I have had many letters from old comrades of the One Hundred and Forty-second, and have felt that the kindly eye of all the survivors and the shades of those who have gone before were upon me. With kind regards I am sincerely and fraternally yours, GEORGE SNOWDEN.

THEY PLAYED QUITS ON SUNDAY.

Last Sunday a number of prominent Johnstown citizens, accompanied by ladies, drove to Sulphur Springs, where they spent the day, and while there indulged in a game of quots. To-day Constable Livingstone came to this place with warrants for the arrest of a dozen of the party on the charge of Sunday desecration, among the number being a prominent lawyer. The Constable said the warrants would be issued in a few days for 60 more of the party.

LANCASTER'S HEAVY STORM.

A storm in the northwestern part of the county was the heaviest in many years. The streams were turned into torrents and fields submerged. Lightning struck the barns of Henry Myers and Christian Charles near Mt. Joy, and they were completely destroyed, with the season's crops and several animals. Barns were also destroyed in Mountville and Gettysville. The destruction in the vicinity of Mt. Joy is particularly heavy.

ONE KILLED AND SEVERAL INJURED.

James McKenna, a shoe-finisher of Philadelphia, was killed in a wreck at Shamrock, and James Mottice of Pottstown, John Monroe of Rockester, N. Y., John Meyer, engineer, and Andrew Monasmoth, conductor, were severely bruised.

HEAVY DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING.

A terrific thunder storm passed over Brookville during which Machinery Hall and the residences of S. S. Clover and Mrs. Wesley were struck by lightning. The large barn of Isaiah Jones, in Knox township, and that on the Rose township Poor Farm, were destroyed with all their contents.

DIED FROM A RUSTY NAIL.

The son of John Sutton, Wreckmaster of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, died at Erie, of lockjaw. Some time ago the boy stepped on a rusty nail, and nothing was thought of it until the dreadful disease showed itself, when it was too late.

A LIGHT HAY CROP.

The hay crop near Uniontown this season is very light. Last fall the bare meadows were covered with grasshoppers that ate the stubbles down to the roots, killing much of the grass. Hay is selling at a low tone in the meadow.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED HIMSELF.

George Harris, of Avoca, while at the Fairview excursion resort, carelessly pointed a revolver towards himself while examining it, accidentally pulled the trigger and was shot dead.

SOLDIERS PAID ON THE FIELD.

The Fifth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth regiments and Battery C, at Homestead, were paid on the field Saturday.

At Johnstown Shoemaker & Co.'s bakery and part of a ten mast row about Horne & Co.'s planing mill were burned. Loss about \$15,000, no insurance.

ANTHONY KELLY and Thomas Welch stabbed Arthur Long, a teacher at Pine Brook, killing him almost instantly. Long had been fighting with Kelly's brother, in which the latter was badly used up.

The grasshopper plauge in causing great havoc in different parts of Westmoreland county. In many localities the oat crop has been totally destroyed. One farmer reports that his 10-acre field of oats would not yield 50 bushels.

A 15-YEAR-OLD son of Charles Pearson, of Coalingport township, Mercer county, was bitten by a rattlesnake in the harvest field. The warm entrails of a chicken were bound over the wound until medical aid could be had, and the boy will recover.

The Senatorial conference which had been in session at Brookville for three days, after 101 fruitless ballots was unanimously dissolved by the Indiana conference making up their grip-sacks and departing for home.